25 cents

Mother of Voices

VOLUME ONE, ISSUE FIFTEEN
OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 13

THE MERCHANTS OF MEDIOCRITY

With this issue, the new Mother of Voices is effecting a change of policy concerning the priorities of the issues it chooses to discuss. Because these times call for considerable sobriety and activity on the part of betrayed and disenfranchised young people, the staff of the new Mother of Voices senses the need to communicate with those of you who are young and who possess the skills so sadly lacking in the existing leaders and in many of the alternatives before us. But, being young and possessing skill do not in themselves provide an area of commonalty necessary for the creation of change; we must also admit that we have been betrayed for years. We are angry.

The Mother of Voices shall be a channel through which you may voice your anger. We recognize that this is one function of a news service. We also realize that it is incumbent upon the staff of this paper to inform you with unequivocal precision about issues that have central importance to you. We are not concerned with drugs or about the Boston Red Sox. We do not advocate a "drop out" policy; we feel, rather, that it is to our detriment to tell the very people we need to effect change to stop developing their skills. The very thing that makes us special and distinguishes us from the merchants of mediocrity who "represent" us in the various branches of government, is our ability to ask questions and to propose solutions that are neither phrased in the language of obsolescence nor designed to reinforce mediocrity itself.

For years we have been exposed to platitudinous speeches made by some sophists who have caused our parents' "hearts to swell with emotion" at graduation ceremonies. These speeches generally have as their theme "the youth is our most valuable resource". But, when we have tried to bring about changes in the environment, the reaction from our parents and from the wizened speakers is one that calls for constraint and stricter rules. We have experienced what most people call the "generation gap," but now we must prepare to cope with a middle-age backlash... an approach that seduces the most non-violent of older people into believing that dissident youth deserves whatever punishment it receives. This backlash is comprised not only of the most irrational Wallace supporters, but also of those people who were initially for the candidacy of Senator Eugene McCarthy. They will admit that it is a shame that McCarthy wasn't nominated, but what the Hell, you have to vote for somebody... that is, the least of the evils. Let us make no bones about it; we are chagrined and angered at the manner in which the major political parties completely shunned and quieted us. We are also becoming intolerant of people who can only accept something as a solution when it fits in with their obsolete ideas about conserving mediocrity. We will control a majority of the electorate in 1972 because we will constitute a majority of the electorate in that presidential year (if there is a 1972). Accordingly, because we consider you to be the best alternative to what exists, we advocate that you take your B.A., your M.A., and your Ph.D. and get into politics. You are more necessary there than in academia. We must change the superstructure before we can have any effect on its sub-parts. A government composed mainly of businessmen and lawyers has failed us. Where are the social scientists? Where are the humanities majors? Where are the educators?

Look at what we have before us. Three major candidates are contending for the presidency and not one of them has any affinity to the problems of young people. Not one of them is representative of intelligent young people. Each candidate in his own way is attempting to seduce the middle age backlash voter. Humphrey wants the union members who are supporting Wallace. He talks about "crime in the streets" to them. It is just as if he is saying, "You see I can be just like Wallace: I can handle those young punks." Nixon is unfortunate on several accounts; He considers social change aversive. He offers us Spiro Agnew, a sterling representative for youth. He is against a treaty that would curtail the proliferation of nuclear weapons. Clearly, his views are in conflict with the continuance of life. Wallace is as articulate as a tree stump. He is one of the most blatant anti- intellectuals who has ever sought the office of President, out-doing even Lyndon Johnson. Wallace is dangerous and even stupid... just what young intelligent people need to look up to.

I will not be voting for a presidential candidate this year. The young people are "the most valuable resource" of this country, but we can only be allowed to prove it if we are organized, rational, and unafraid. I am thinking about 1972 and hoping that you will decide to plan with me for that year.

--Gary Stern--

reprinted from
The National Guardian

VIETNAM NEWS

THE GI TOLL: 213,928

THESE U.S. CASUALTY FIGURES ARE BASED ON GOVERNMENT STATISTICS. THEY ARE LOWER THAN CAUSUALTIES CLAIMED BY THE NLF. THE FIRST FIGURE COVERS THE WAR FROM JAN. 1, 1961 TO OCT. 5,1968. THE FIGURES IN PARENTHESES SHOW INCREASES FROM SEPT. 28 TO OCT. 5,1968.

The U.S. destroyer Furse received two direct hits from North Vietnamese coastal guns on Oct. 7. Three sailors were wounded by the shelling which occured as their ship cruised near the city of Vinh on a mission of harassing North Vietnamese coastal shipping.

Navy officials are worried about the safety of the battleship New Jersey. They reason that the New Jersey, the world's only operational battleship and the most recent naval element to enter the Vietnam conflict, is potentially vulnerable to sinking by the Soviet-made Styx surface-to-surface guide missle. The Styx first attracted world attention when Egyptian forces employed it to sink an Israeli destroyer. Although the Navy says it has no "hard intelligence" that the Soviets have supplied the Styx to North Vietnam it is apparently not taking any chances. It is keeping the veteran battleship, with its 16-inch guns and 16-inch armor plate, out of Styx range of North Vietnam.

Army helicopter units operating out of Marble Mountain Airbase in South Vietnam have adopted a new tactic for use against night-time boat traffic on the inland waterways. The tactic, which a lieutenant described as having a "tremendous psychological effect on the enemy," is to place powerful searchlights on a helicopter which uses them to seek out river

MOTHER OF VOICES

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OUR STAFF SUCH AS IT IS
BART, CHUCK, GARY, MARTY, VAN,
DAVE, JOHN, BOB, PAT, BARBARA,
JULIE, KATHY, KEN

I read in the newspaper that "student unrest" is troubling the nation. It makes me really sick, because I know which students are making the trouble. It's the people yelling student power, when what they really mean is power for themselves. Well, it's time for we the majority to stop letting the minority push us around.

I'm at the University because I like it here. Now I know that sounds square, but if those radical types don't like it here, then they should leave. Nothing is forcing them to stay, unless they are a bunch of cowards like Humphrey says and don't want to get drafted and shot up in Vietnam.

I'm at the University for an education, which means a better job when I come out, and some fun while I'm here. Not that I'm selfish, I have just as good morals as those pacifists, but I don't go around in a holier than thou attitude like they do. Just because I don't actually work for Civil Rights or Peace, or any of the big "causes," doesn't mean that I don't believe in them. It's just that most of my time is spent studying and watching television to unwind from studying. So I really dont have the time to spend. And after all it's not what I do that's important, it's what I am, what I think and believe in. So I'm really just as committed as those people who make all the noise. Someone said that I was just like the Germans during Hitler's time. That upset me for awhile but this isn't Germany, even if Chicago does look like it. I decided that I couldn't do anything about it anyway and it was worthless to think about.

Back to the University, I can't understand why these people don't stop disrupting, and start working within the system. "If you carry around pictures of Chairman Mao, you won't make it with anyone anyhow." You know, the Beatles are right, but for awhile I couldn't understand them and their co co ca chew. Anyway, of course working within the system, and stopping all this demonstration is the only way to get things done. This "we want things now" stuff just gets the Administration mad, and they have rights to our lives, too.

The New Left is always making Administrations sound bad but I know that they are the ones with the real student needs at heart. After all didn't they give us the new open house policy and go to bat for us against the trustees and legislators? And it's nice to know that someone knows more about life than you do and is willing to help. After all an eighteen year old kid doesn't know enough to make decisions that will shape his life. So I think that the talk about the Administration as some malicious big brother is stupid. I like my big brother almost as much as mom.

The thing that probably makes me more disgusted about the radicals on campus than their long hair is their stirring up trouble when the situation is fine, or when the real leaders have already started working in the project. Like at that open meeting, those people looked like fools when they demanded all those things "now," and the administration showed them how they had already started to work on the problem. Open house was just about finished and the radicals tried to get all the credit.

You can't do much to change things in the academic sphere because there are certain things like math and sciences and language that are dull no matter what, and you still need them in order to make yourself fit into society. But the Administration has done a lot in the past year. For instance, although we still have the same number of requirements, we can choose courses so you can read the Illiad instead of the Odysseus. And we have pass-fail now, a program which is almost revolutionary in its implications. Of course you can't use them in requirements because that would defeat the whole purpose of requirements, but you can take a total of four courses that you have peripheral interest in as long as they're not in any of the major departments that don't allow pass-fail.

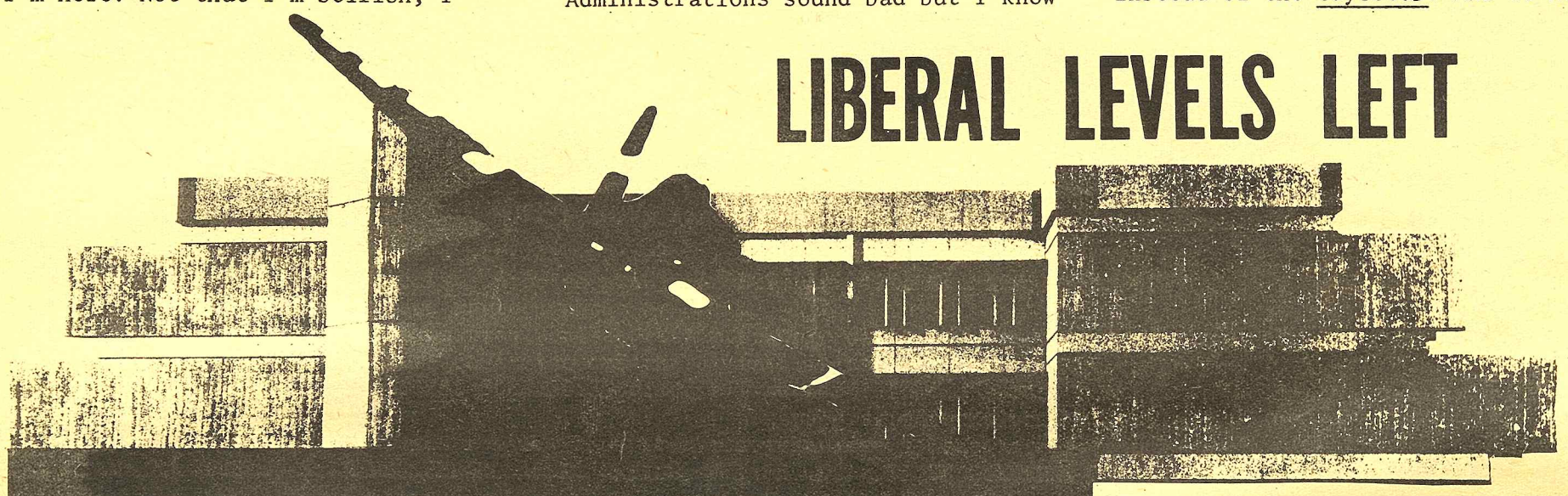
I know that there have been a lot of comments that these restrictions make the pass-fail program useless, but that's not true. No matter what these radicals say, the University has to be practical. We need grades in most courses. We students need this competition because it's the only way to get things done, and because there is competition everywhere outside of college and we have to get used to it. And let's face it, if there wasn't any grades, we'd just goof off. We need someone to threaten us for an atmosphere that's conducive for superior intellectual acheivement. And as I said in the beginning, I came to college to be sure of getting a good job, and all the good firms demand to know your cume. So what's good for business is good for the student at the University.

Finally, last year, The Mother of Voices really upset me. Of course, I never read it because it's just a bunch of dirty words and pictures hidden in stupid ideas, but I heard that Bart Kaplan called Amherst a vagina of racism. (Being a filthy minded person, he was even cruder in his choice of words but my fingers just refuse to type such filth). Anyway I was really mad, cause I think that phrase included me and the University! It was an insult that was totally unwarranted.

One thing that these stupid radicals can't convince me of is the fact that this university hasn't greatly increased the tolerance and understanding of the students.

When I first got here though, I was not as sure as I am now, and two

(continued on page 10)



LIBERAL LEVELS LEFT

KILLED	NON-COMBAT DEATHS	WOUNDED	MISSING, CAPTURED
28,648 (190)	4,515	178,561 (1,326)	1,204

craft. When a target is found, the "lightship" informs two "gunships" which swoop out of the dark to attack with machine guns and rockets. The Army tries to keep the "lightships" away from areas where guerrila anti-aircraft preparations are known to be strong.

The Saigon regime of Nguyen Van Thieu was on edge this week as the city echoed with rumors of an impending military coup. On the night of Oct. 8 Thieu ordered a full alert for the armed forces in what an aide said was a move to prevent actions by "troublemakers." On Oct. 9, high level Saigon officials not directly attached to Thieu's office informed foreign journalists that a coup attempt had taken place. On Oct. 10, Thieu took to television in an attempt to deny the reports that a coup attempt had taken place and that it had been thwarted.

At the Paris talks, North Vietnamese Minister of State Xuan Thuy declared on Oct. 9 that "if President Johnson wants to solve the Vietnam problem peacefully, he still has enough time and power now to do so."

Ambassador Averell Harriman, chief U.S. spokesmen at the talks, announced that no progress was being made. It was the 25th session since May 13 to report a stalemate. Observers now believe that the Johnson administration intends to pass the question of de-escalating the war to a new administration.

THE MIND OF AGNEW

Friends: the following interview with Spiro Agnew is transcribed from ABC's Issues and Answers of Sunday, September 22. Agnew is being questioned by ABC correspondents Bob Clark and John Davenport.

Mr. Clark: Some of your critics feel that, however unintentionally, you are in effect tilling the same territory that George Wallace is working and that you might be, without any intention at all, fanning racial feelings.

Gov. Agnew: Well, let me put that to rest, since I have a chance on nation-wide television, by documenting a little of my civil rights record.

I was a county executive, an elected official in a county with a three percent Negro population, south of the Mason-Dixon line. I was instrumental in the passage of equal accomodations legislature, including such things as swimming pools. I was the Governor of the first state south of the Mason-Dixon line to have an open housing law. I pushed through a tax reform plan to help deprived people which sent $60 million in additional educational benefits in the core city--most of it into the core city--and my record is just one of pushing every civil right there is. But I will not stand for civil disorder. . . .

What we are really involved with here are the permissable limits of dissent. Now, the Supreme Court and the other courts of this country have laid down over the years a pretty definitive analysis of what types of dissent within the realms of free speech will be permitted; what kinds of demonstrations will be allowed, and we get from that into the accepted and even stylish attitude toward unlawful dissent, whether it be civil disorder or the more difficult thing to define, which is known as civil disobedience. But even in civil disobedience there is no way to lay a definition down that people can follow. It leaves it up to the individual to decide on his own what laws he should obey and what laws he should not on moral grounds. And I say that the limits of violence under this theory are not predictable and the only way to have an orderly society--and, after all, "law and order" is a phrase that deals with the protection of the innocent regardless of race or creed--the people in the ghettoes are more victimized by crime than anywhere and they are interested in law and order and if the sloganeers would stop telling them it means cracking black skulls and tell them what it really means, we wouldn't have this trouble about it. But I am not going to be chased off by a phrase like "law and order" which is a good American phrase geared to the protection of the people within our representative system of government, just because some people who would like to be allowed to violate the law according to their own dictates think it is a bad phrase.

Mr. Clark: Well, Governor, that "good American phrase" as you put it, law and order, certainly isn't going to help you in winning the ghetto vote. You said the other day I believe in Los Angeles, that you think you are entitled--and that was your word--to the Negro vote. Are you going to campaign in the ghettoes to get it?

Gov. Agnew: I will qualify your judgment that it is not going to help me get the ghetto vote. There are a lot of people in the ghettoes that are very frightened of the anarchists and the law breakers.

Mr. Davenport: Granting that, Governor.

Gov. Agnew: And they are not going to indicate how they are going to vote until they walk into that voting booth because frankly they are frightened and they have been intimidated to some extent.

Mr. Davenport: Governor, it seems to me that law enforcement is primarily a local and regional responsibility. I am not clear on how the federal government can really do anything in this line, other than back up, say, the FBI, or federal troops.

Gov. Agnew: You know, John, that seems to be a popular misconception, that law enforcement is entirely a local matter. Let me disabuse your mind of that.

Mr. Davenport: I don't think it is abused, sir, but go ahead.

Gov. Agnew: Let me disabuse your mind of it in this sense. We do have federal penetentiaries to house people who break federal laws. There is a federal law against kidnapping. There are federal laws against the use of narcotics, which, incidentally, produce a tremendous percentage of crime in this country. There are federal laws to protect the innocent wherever interstate crime is involved.

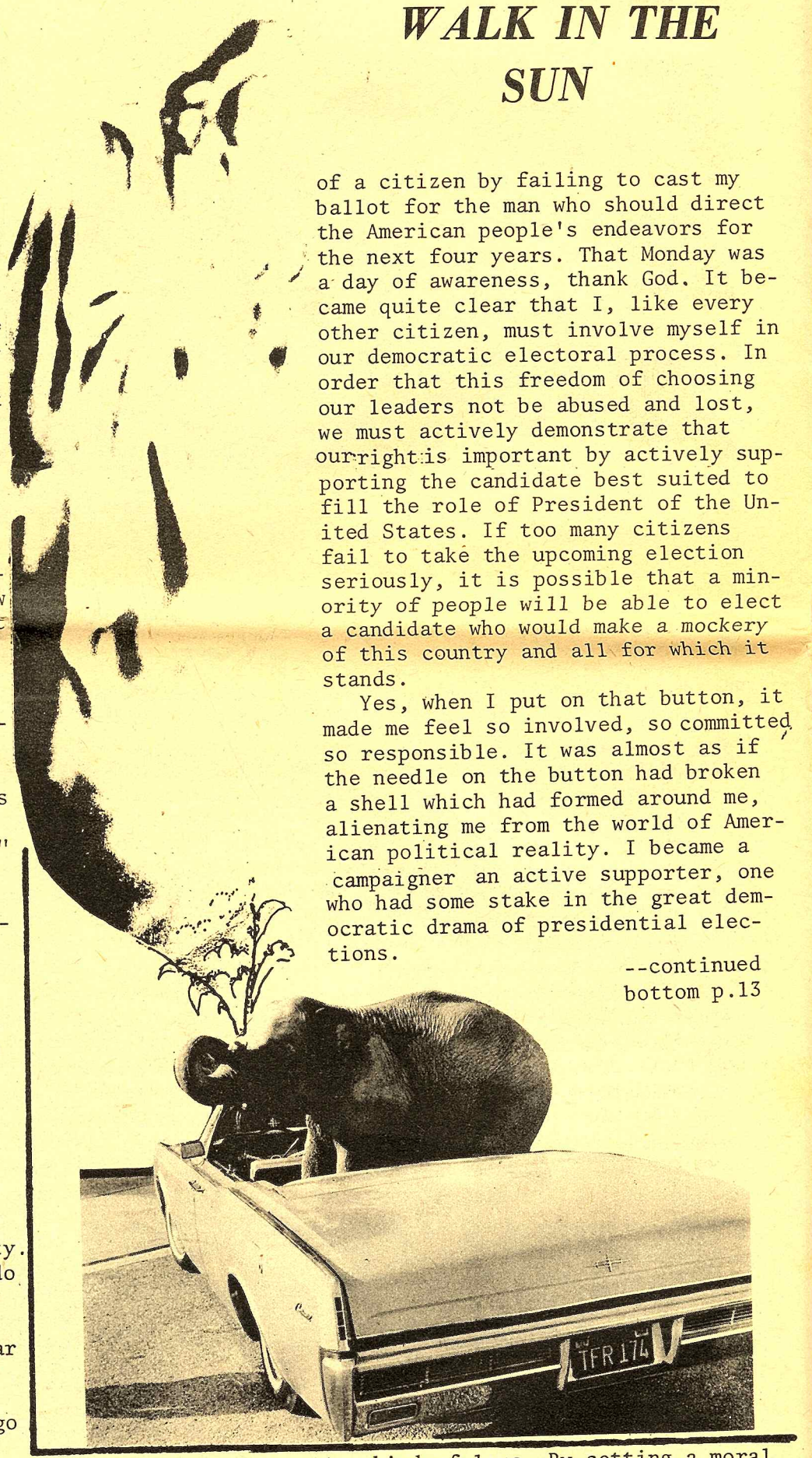
We have the Treasury Department, the FBI. There are federal law enforcement agencies. So when you say the fedreal government isn't concerned with law enforcement, I think that is a mistake.

Mr. Clark: Well, is there an implication here, Governor, that a Nixon-Agnew Administration would be tougher in enforcing federal laws than the Johnson Administration has been?

Gov. Agnew: Yes. Any kind of laws. By setting a moral tone that speaks out against the wave of what I call permissiveness that is sweeping this country today, and this is the thing that the citizens are concerned about. If the people at the very top of the government can't define in their own minds what is the conduct that is expected of the individual, how can we expect them to be law-abiding?

We have such things as Negotiated Community Ethic right here in California, where parents sit around a table with their children and negotiate in the labkr sense the hours they must come in and the company they must keep.

I say this borders on the ridiculous. We have got to have some guidance by the so-called people in control whether it be the head of the family or the head of a business, and the standards set. (LNS)



Last Monday morning I went to Republican Headquaters in Amherst and picked up a Nixon button to wear on my coat. It was some sort of compulsion. I was walking out to the Lord Jeff and just had to go into that converted housetrailor. No choice was involved. I was forced to go by some uncontrollable urge. I walked in, grabbed a glossy new button, stuck it onto my coat and, saying a few words about victory in November to the matron on duty, walked out into the sun shine as a newly committed man.

For weeks I had been living in a dream world: not interested at all in the presidential race, just not caring about voting on election day. What kind of American would I have been if I had neglected to fulfill the foremost responsibility and right

WALK IN THE SUN

of a citizen by failing to cast my ballot for the man who should direct the American people's endeavors for the next four years. That Monday was a day of awareness, thank God. It became quite clear that I, like every other citizen, must involve myself in our democratic electoral process. In order that this freedom of choosing our leaders not be abused and lost, we must actively demonstrate that our right is important by actively supporting the candidate best suited to fill the role of President of the United States. If too many citizens fail to take the upcoming election seriously, it is possible that a minority of people will be able to elect a candidate who would make a mockery of this country and all for which it stands.

Yes, when I put on that button, it made me feel so involved, so committed, so responsible. It was almost as if the needle on the button had broken a shell which had formed around me, alienating me from the world of American political reality. I became a campaigner an active supporter, one who had some stake in the great democratic drama of presidential elections.

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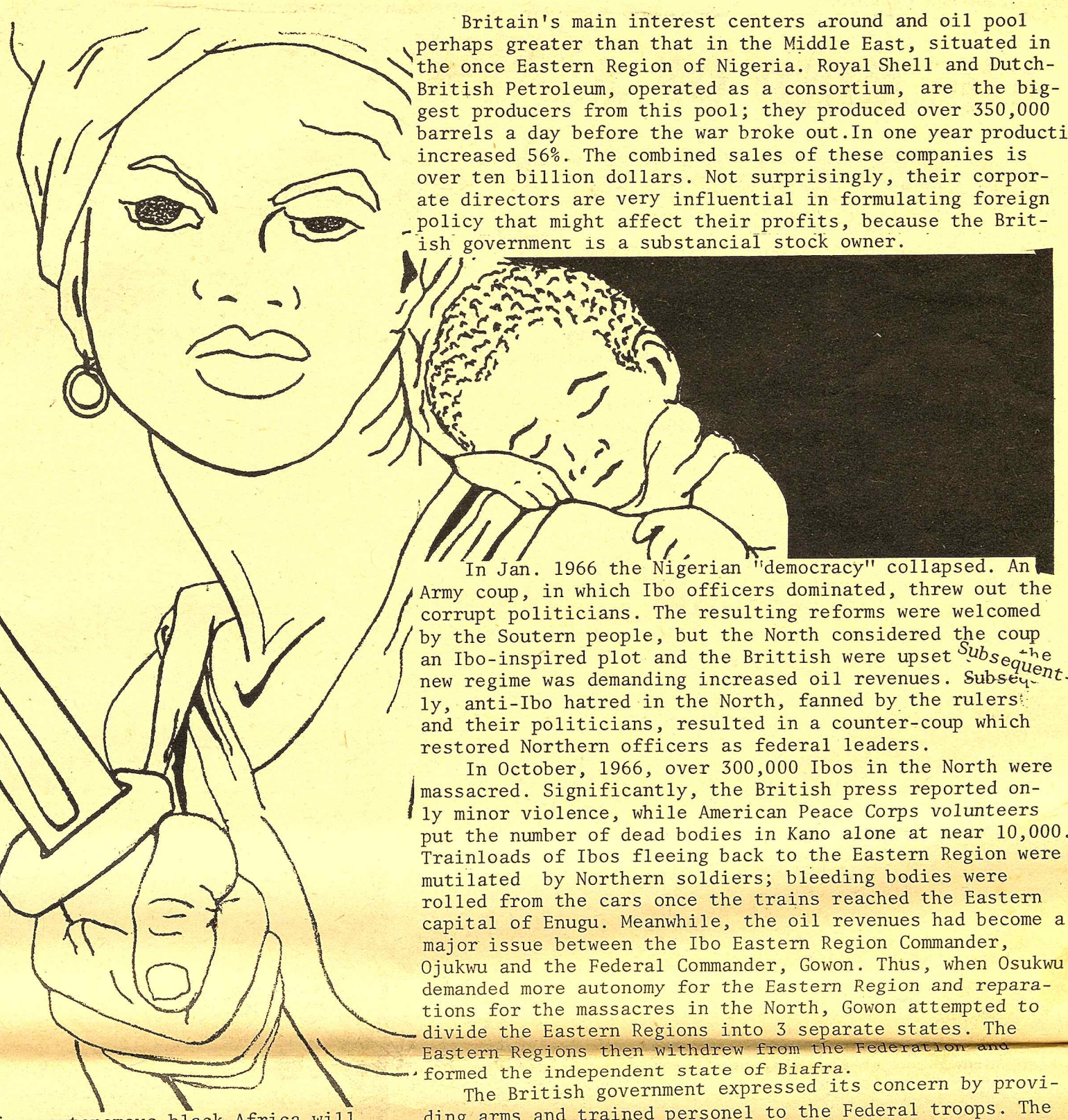
BIAFRA



reprinted from
The Rag

Perhaps the last hope of an autonomous black Africa will be destroyed when the Nigerian Federal troops finish the genocide begun 2 years ago in Kano. For the Ibo race and the Biafran State could have functioned as the catalyst for a truly independent, developed Africa. Black technicians could have utilized Africa's fantastic wealth for the benefit of the African peoples, rather than white technicians exploiting Africa's resources to produce profits for huge European and American companies.

The violent struggles that caused the birth and now the death of Biafra are rooted in white colonialism.

The Federation of Nigeria, often heralded as a pro-Western democracy, was created by Great Britain. Its boundaries were strictly arbitrary, resulting from the colonial scramble for Africa. The peoples within these borders had no common cultural traditions, nor were they united by a common colonial experience. The northern Hausa-Falani were extermely hierarchical and feudalistic; the British colonial government had found "indirect rule" i.e. preserving the native hierarchy and suppressing all westernization as the most profitable manner of maintaining their rule. And by controlling the Moslem emirs, the British effectively controlled the entire northern population.

But the southern tribes, particularly the Ibos, had cultural traditions that stressed individual achievement and village autonomy. Thus, the British could not find native absolute rulers, and their efforts to create leaders failed completely.The resulting "direct colonial rule" involved the strong westernizing influences of education and Catholocism, which the Ibos adopted with amazing success. And within a short time Ibos had spread throughout the federation, filling semi-skilled jobs created by colonialization.

The Ibos were soon very active in the move for independence; the northern rulers joined only after British urging, and it was no accident that the resulting "democracy," got up under British guidance, was western-oriented.

The North received a majority in the Federal Parliament because of its greater population (the census results were contested strongly), but since power was in the hands of a few emirs the northern representatives served only the interests of the feudal lords. Yet, Britain chose to accept this democracy because the Northern feudal rulers had long been easier to deal with than the more educated, individualistic Southerners. And Britain was very anxious to continue her control in Nigeria.

Britain's main interest centers around and oil pool perhaps greater than that in the Middle East, situated in the once Eastern Region of Nigeria. Royal Shell and Dutch-British Petroleum, operated as a consortium, are the biggest producers from this pool; they produced over 350,000 barrels a day before the war broke out.In one year production increased 56%. The combined sales of these companies is over ten billion dollars. Not surprisingly, their corporate directors are very influential in formulating foreign policy that might affect their profits, because the British government is a substancial stock owner.

In Jan. 1966 the Nigerian "democracy" collapsed. An Army coup, in which Ibo officers dominated, threw out the corrupt politicians. The resulting reforms were welcomed by the Soutern people, but the North considered the coup an Ibo-inspired plot and the Brittish were upset the new regime was demanding increased oil revenues. Subsequently, anti-Ibo hatred in the North, fanned by the rulers and their politicians, resulted in a counter-coup which restored Northern officers as federal leaders.

In October, 1966, over 300,000 Ibos in the North were massacred. Significantly, the British press reported only minor violence, while American Peace Corps volunteers put the number of dead bodies in Kano alone at near 10,000. Trainloads of Ibos fleeing back to the Eastern Region were mutilated by Northern soldiers; bleeding bodies were rolled from the cars once the trains reached the Eastern capital of Enugu. Meanwhile, the oil revenues had become a major issue between the Ibo Eastern Region Commander, Ojukwu and the Federal Commander, Gowon. Thus, when Osukwu demanded more autonomy for the Eastern Region and reparations for the massacres in the North, Gowon attempted to divide the Eastern Regions into 3 separate states. The Eastern Regions then withdrew from the Federation and formed the independent state of Biafra.

The British government expressed its concern by providing arms and trained personel to the Federal troops. The Russians also backed the federal government by supplying planes and pilots. The U.S., needing British approval for its "pacification" of Vietnam, backed British policy. Thus, the Biafrans, who were denied access to the United Nations, fought alone.

The resulting genocide never really came to attention of the American or British people. The war was occasionally reported by our "free" press but these reports came directly from the Federal Government press releases. For instance: the New York Times only covered the story from the Federal capital, Layos. Thus, while the murder of thousands of Ibo civilians by federal troops, being dismissed by the Western press as exaggeration, the British and American governments waited for the quick "surgical action" that the Federal Commander, Gowon, had promised.

Only when Biafra refused to die, when charity and tears were the only possible response, did the news leak out this summer--first in Britian and then in the U.S. (See Life, Time, Newsweek from July til now.) White people were shocked by African brutality, refusing to accept their ultimate responsibility for its origins. The starving children were pitied, and Ibo leaders were accused of puting policies before children's lives. Committees were formed to provide mercy.

Amazingly, the people of Biafra continue to struggle for survival and freedom; too many civilians have been murdered in hospitals and churches for them to do otherwise. Yet even after the summer's agitation in Britian to stop supplying arms to the Federal Government, Parliament voted to continue the supply. Yet even after the atrocities of this genocide were photographed, documented, and fully exposed, nothing has changed. The major powers still wait for the death agony to end before they again pick up the reins of control. Soon there will be no Ibos threatening to make the white man obsolete in Africa.

Biafra could have been the beginning of a truly free Africa--an economically viable black country with skilled, educated black labor force (all Ibo children recieve six years of free primary schooling). She would have been the first African state with strong national identity; with a responsive, organized peasantry; with leaders representative of the people. She could have provided a black revolutionary nucleus for an Africa united against white European intervention and domination. It is no surprise that the white world powers have not urged her survival.

MARK LANE : I AM A CANDIDATE

Reprinted from L.A. Free Press

It may be said that I am on a winning streak, politically speaking. In 1960 I ran for the New York State Legislature and was elected. Now I am a candidate for Vice President. Of what, you ask? Vice President of the United States. Dick Gregory and I met last week in a telephone booth in Chicago, flipped a coin and he lost. He is the candidate for President of the United States.

Dick has already requested that he be briefed on the great issues by President Johnson, presumably so he can be as confused as the administration. Johnson, willing to brief Alabama's illustrious statesman, George Wallace, and a sure winner, Harold Stassen, has declined to meet with Dick. Of course Lyndon comes from the South and might be reluctant for an exchange with a Nigra who doesn't work for him on the ranch in Texas or the other one in Washington. In order to bring about some reconciliation in our divided country I have offered to meet with the President on Dick's behalf.

About that winning streak. I must confess that I once sought the nomination of the Reform Movement in New York in order to run in the primary for the Democratic nomination for Congress in 1962. While the public was never permitted to vote, the reformers did, and I was not chosen. It was said that my position on Viet Nam, back in 1961, was proof that I "did not understand the nature of the Communist menace." My position? Seven years ago I called for the withdrawal of all American troops. At that time the liberals did not consider Viet Nam to be a moral issue; their sons were not being drafted and killed then. A few thousand farmers, their wives and children were dying, but they were Asians and very far away.

I had hoped that Sen. Eugene McCarthy would receive the Democratic nomination. In fact I made a few speeches for him and a relatively small financial contribution to his campaign. I supported him primarily because he was a decent man and therefore the lone exception on the regular political horizon this year. I supported him without any real expectation that he might be chosen when the party bosses convened in Chicago. I supported him amused by the knowledge that some of his supporters and most of those closest to him, including young Allard Lowenstein, not long ago favored the war in Viet Nam. Nothing succeeds like success and nothing is more unpopular to Americans than losing a war.

But McCarthy is no longer a candidate. The voice of the people, so clearly expressed during the primaries and on the streets of Chicago, has been tragically ignored. The country requires an alternative, if only so that at some future war crimes trial some Americans can state that they voted against the monolith that merely insisted upon domination of the world.

In truth, I was at home in gentle New Orleans when a young lady living in Philadelphia called to ask if I would run on Greg's ticket in Pennsylvania where he is already on the ballot. I agreed primarily because he is so brave and committed a man and such a good friend.

A couple of days later Greg called to ask if I would run with him in other states where he expected to be on the ballot, my old home town, New York for one, and nation wide as a write-in candidate. Of course I said yes viewing it all not exactly as a lark but without any real hope of shaking the system as a Vice Presidential candidate. I went to Chicago to work out a platform with my running mate, lived on the streets with the young people for fifteen hours a day, for three days, was gassed four times by the National Guard and Chicago police and clubbed twice by the police.

I am a candidate. No one under thirty-five is eligible to run for national office and so Greg and I stand in loco parentis. I would prefer to support some bearded youth and some pretty young thing for the ticket but the law will, at present, not allow it. So we are your candidates if you will have us. In some states another opposition candidate may appear on the ballot. Eldridge Cleaver may win his fight in the court (he is under thirty-five) and be permitted a place on the ballot. He is a talented and incisive writer and I should not at all be displeased if you voted for him instead.

For me, I am going to write in the name of Dick Gregory. I saw him speak to the young people in Chicago. He read the Declaration of Independence to them. When was the last time you heard it? He spoke of the meaning of law and order in a city run by the syndicate. Two days later, when all marches were banned by the gestapo tactics of the soldiers and police, Greg invited a few friends, the 3,000 present in Grant Park, to walk home with him. When he was stopped by a National Guard General he pushed ahead and went to jail for trying. Murray Kempton, rarely involved,

[continued on page 14]

Mr. Natural
AIN'T I CUTE?
MR. NATURAL, I'M HORNY...
YOU'RE HORNY...
YEAH, BUT GEE WHIZ, Y' HAFTA PLAY THESE STUPID GAMES IF Y'WANNA GET LAID, AN' I JUST CANT... SEEM... TO...
?
HOW DOES AN OLD FART LIKE THAT DO IT??
THERE HE IS, OLD NUFF T'BE MY GRANDFATHER FOR CHRISSAKE AN' HE GETS MORE PUSSY THAN I DO!
GAB GAB
UHH... FLAKEY, THIS'S SHIRLEY GOODVIBES... SHE'D LIKE TO FUCK YOU...
HI!
HEH HEH
ER... UH... I...
HE'LL PROBABLY BLOW IT!

THE OLDIES

You live in a rectangular room with a bed, a closet and a window. The professor sits in his small book-cased office completing evaluation forms explaining where his advisees are at in their education. The Assistant to the Provost picks up his ringing telephone for the tenth time that hour, and listens to a voice warning that what has to be done, can't be done. Each takes his coffee break, consumes his doubt in a cigarette smoke cloud. Each, at the day's end, follows one of the paths leading away from the day's routine.

The student wonders why the way he lives is irrelevant. The teacher wonders when record keeping will end, and teaching or reading will begin. The administrator shrugs off accepting that he's more involved in keeping things the way they are, than in reshuffling the university system so the simple problems requiring simple solutions can be his only priority.

In time things change. The ideas are around to produce change. Enough people are poking around and describing things so that problems are obvious to everyone. And slowly the system syncopates its song, getting up a little different lilt. Basic things, like the fact there is a curriculum and there is a faculty, remain the same. And they do so because they have to. Each segment of any little university community is quite right in going on in its medieval fashion. Because there is no other way.

Take the administrator. Since he's the most important partner in whatever business transacts in the place, begin with him. Now, the administrator is a human being, and is therefore as innately capricious and as dogmatic or liberal as any other man. It follows that whoever he has to deal with in an official capacity will be able to play the same game. Since the university is part of the society and it is to the administrator that various delegates of important social institutions come, the assistant has as his job dealing with human legislators, parents, cranks and clergymen, as well as members of special interest groups like the American Legion who have as their mission safeguarding the American way of life. Now, that is a burdensome task.

So the administrator has certain external pressures on him. Then there are internal pressures caused by the fact that he has to deal with humans who are part of his group. They are not by definition particularly open to his line of reasoning, nor by assumption taken with what he sees as the problem that has to be solved first.

Other factors explaining why differences develop between members of the same team. There's always friction between intelligent men and stupid men when they're stuck together in the same building. Then, there's the problem of different administrators bringing in different men at different times.

For example, some thirty years ago when they were still building horse barns, various people had to deal with legislators in Boston in order to get enough hay to feed the horses. Now, certain people were successful and therefore constituted a powerful group because they could get the money out of legislators who didn't exactly have education or horse feeding as one of their life concerns.

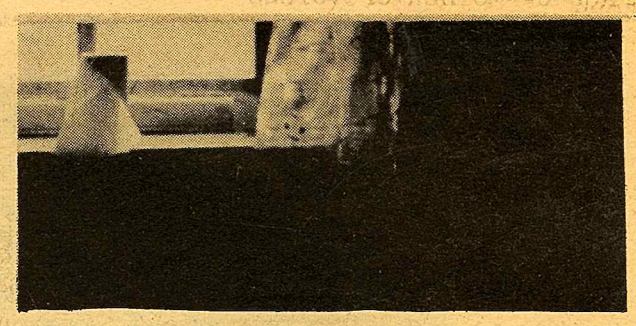
Well, when a new president replaced one who'd just died, he'd keep on the old people just because they might make it easier to deal with money matters, since they had experience already. Of course, some new presidents agreed outright with the older people on such issues as sex in the dormitories, and sassing back in classrooms. So, over the years, as new people came in and old ones hung on, the administration began to be split into two factions: the New Guard (liberals), and the Old Guard (Realists). Right now they're pretty evenly split: about 95% Old, and about 4 % New. The other 1% is made up of people who remain neutral like the Chief of the Campus Police, or the Head of Internal Intelligence (informing).

Suprisingly, this ratio is more necessary now than it was when there were about 6% New Guard people. The university has never been more threatened.

Everyone at UMass must be familiar with a guy named Harrington who is a state legislator who has established a weighty set of credentials through exposing the forces of corruption and smut such as the cartoonists for the campus humor magazine, Yahoo.

Harrington is the Chairman of the Education Appropriations Committee in the state legislature. He sorta has a hold on the purse strings whose contents allow students to have enough toilet paper to remain civilized. I don't mean to distort Harrington's contributions to public morality, but his outrage over UMass doesn't arise only out of the fact UMass condones dirty pictures and Communists.

Mr. Harrington's hobby is Salem State Teachers College. He feels responsible for the physical and intellectual development of that place. As a formulator in its development he has been responsible for various



things, two examples of which will be sufficient to get an idea of the job he's doing.

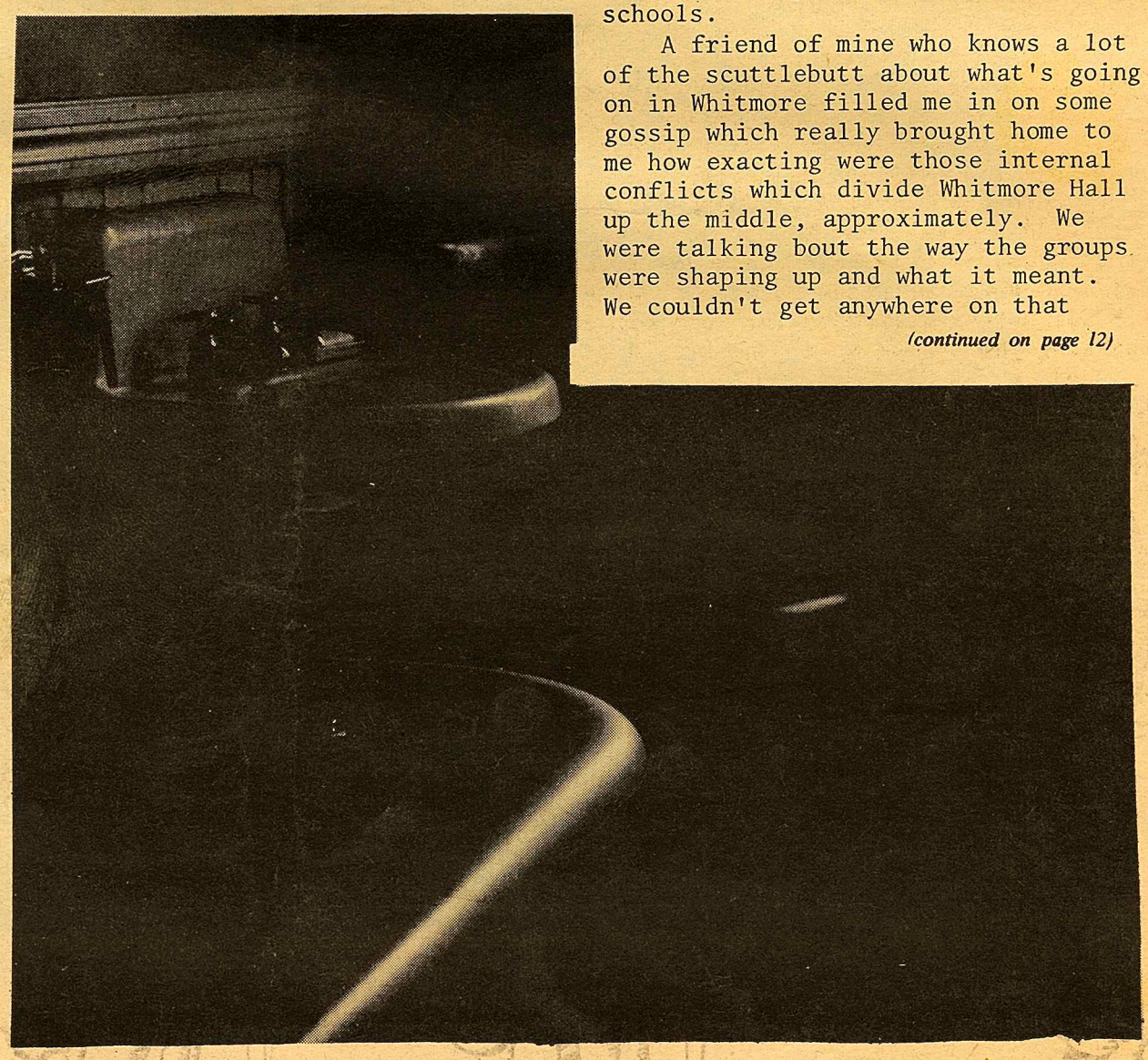
Written into the job prospectus of all personnel hired at Salem State is personal responsibility for picking up cigarette butts and litter. Second, students can be expelled for smooching or smoking, or both, though it isn't clear which is more sinful. With such a hobby, and knowing there's but one pork pie out of which all the institutions have to gorge themselves, the more money that ends up at UMass, the less ends up at Salem State. So when a gift horse is in sight Harrington hitches up his buckboard to it until he raises enough dust to cut UMass's budget by 50 or 60%.

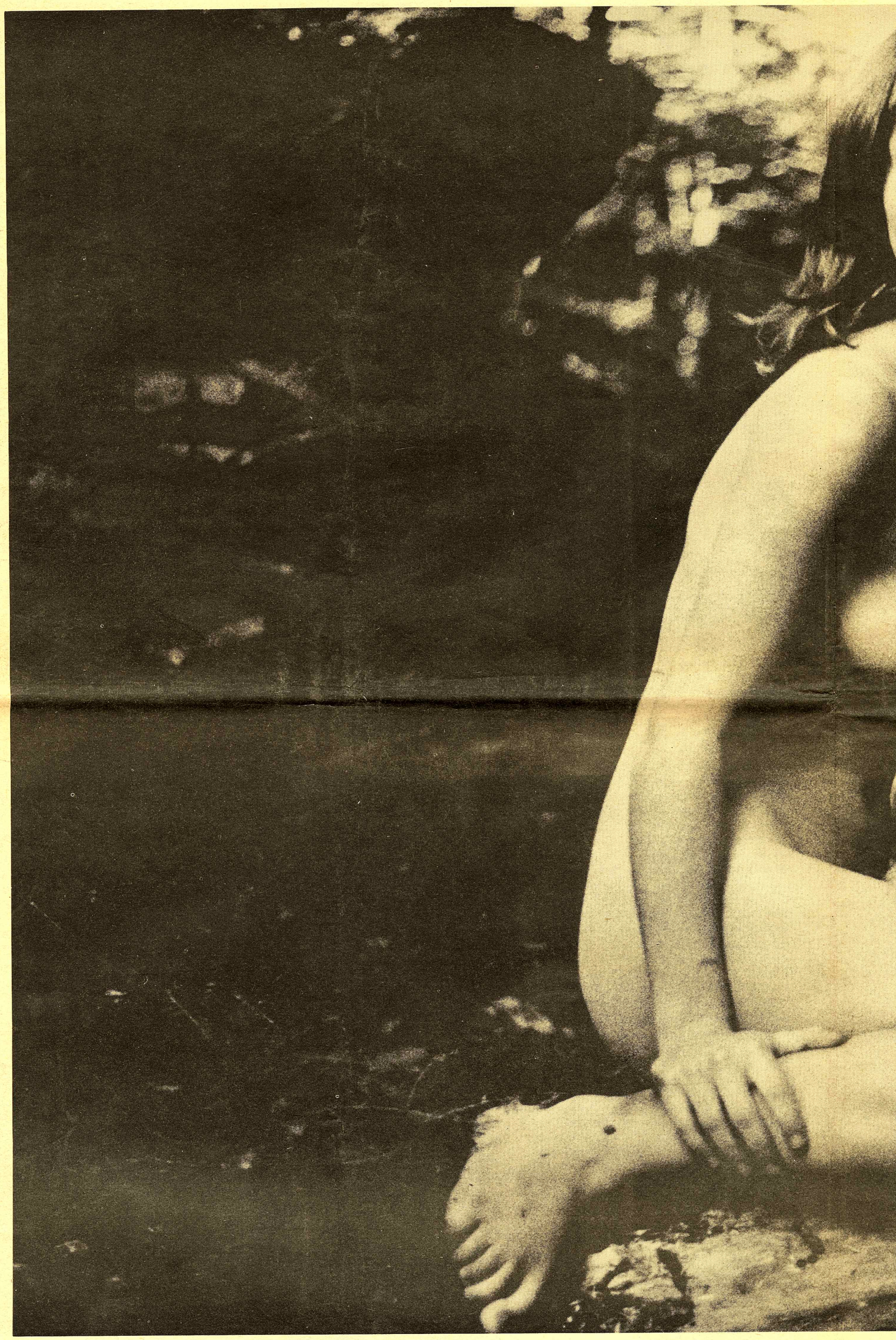
Now that's not all the administrator faces from the outside. He could be threatened like the people at Boston State College are at the moment. Down there in the capital, it seems the people running the place thought it a bit disproportionate that there were no black students receiving a good college education in their place. Their buildings are on Brookline Avenue at the corner of Huntington, about two stone throws from the Roxbury Community. So, the people started a program and actually brought in 15 disadvantageoused students.

They were subsidized to the extent of about $60 a week. Some of them have families or support their brothers and sisters and parents so the $60 wasn't to let them live in Charles River Park. Well, some trustee felt white students were being discriminated against. So he got in touch with the state auditor and they went ahead and stopped the funds since it was such a clear cut case. Administrators just have to be on their toes all the time figuring out ways to buck the system when it might come across the way it does at other state schools.

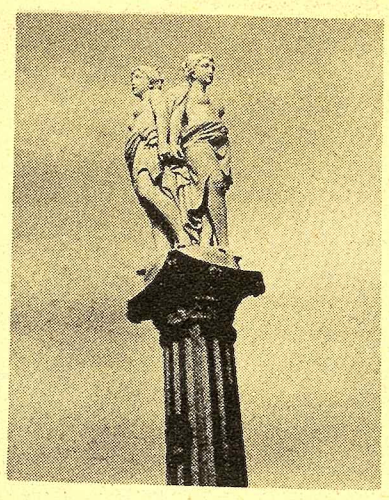
A friend of mine who knows a lot of the scuttlebutt about what's going on in Whitmore filled me in on some gossip which really brought home to me how exacting were those internal conflicts which divide Whitmore Hall up the middle, approximately. We were talking bout the way the groups were shaping up and what it meant. We couldn't get anywhere on that

(continued on page 12)





ROCK & SOUL COPS



Forest Park, September 29--Site of a celebration of the seasonal change. A large tract of land on the outskirts of Springfield, bordered by the banks of the Connecticut River, encompassing acres of woodland, garden and lake, and inhabited by children, dogs, ducks,and other assorted life forms. The throng, which numbered two thousand, was ably entertained by the antics of five amplified rock groups including the Springfield Police Department, whose sound and light show enlivened the proceedings to the tune of five narcotics busts, one drunk and disorderly, and a disturbing the peace. Audience approval was expressed through the usual channels, bringing the probable useful service life of at least one cruiser down by several thousand miles. Festivities continued well into the evening when the dwindling crowd of about one hundred assorted freaks and a couple of smut pedlars straggled off into the night.

The following Tuesday the Springfield City Council decreed that no electronically amplified music should be heard within the park.

Sunday, October 6, saw a sparse gathering of about 300 persons, followed by an assembly of about 100 souls last Sunday. It would be a sad thing if the Man's assumption that amplified music is that important to underground culture is correct.

Tentative plans have been made for another such manifestation next Sunday, October 27, so. . .

Photographs and copy
by
Dave Walsh and Van Stoddard

continued from p.3

LIBERAL

events contributed to this belief. When I first arrived, I was a little dismayed at the fact that quite a few students on my floor constantly referred to negroes as niggers or coons or something to that effect. I didn't confront them because after all I did have to live on the floor and get along with these guys since I was a freshman. Yet it still bothered me some when the subject came up. Then as I thought about it some things became clear, and the situation was not at all as bad as I had thought.

First of all, a lot of the guys talked about how they wouldn't mind sleeping with Diana Carral or Leslie Uggums, or that Negress they saw in the Hatch the other day. (Of course they didn't quite put it that way,but I'm not going to quote like Kaplan because what one says in public or on the printed page, and what one says around the guys are two totally different things.) This romantic interest for women of the Negro race made me start questioning whether they were really so bigotted.

Second, after I had been on the floor for a whlie I found out that they called the kid down the hall a filthy Jew all the time. In fact, wap, spic, frog, kraut, were usually used to designate various nationalities. I think this is because it's just easier to say wap, for instance, than to go to all the trouble to say Italian. And also I think that most of it was just kidding, and I hear that negroes sometimes call each other niggers, and I think the speech on my floor is just the same.

Finally, when we at last got to talking about civil rights, I was surprised to find that their views matched mine. This was the clincher. So all this talk about the students of U. Mass. being prejudiced is nothing but a lot of sensationalism to to sell Mother of Voices.

The other instance, that convinced me that the University does a lot in its own way to aid the civil rights movement, just ended. It started a year ago when I noticed this guy a couple of floors above me. He was really nice to me, and friendly with everyone around. That's why it bothered me that he was a Wallace supporter. In fact, he didn't even substitute "law and order" for "kill the niggers." But you see, the University has helped him a lot. Now he knows he has a problem, and in conversation with him I learned that he comes from a New York City white ghetto, and was always beaten by Negroes when he was little. So now he flinches every time he says "kill them damn niggers."

Just a week ago I went to a party he put on for some friends. Somehow a bunch of negroes found out that my friend wasn't friendly to their cause. They apparently made some threatening statements. So the party happily gathered up some riot quelling materials, like construction helmets and clubs and such. Everyone but me seemed quite happy with the prospect of cutting off a few negroe's scrotums. Of course I couldn't do any thing alone. If I said anything disapproving I would lose the power of working with their confidence, so I didn't. But one thing cheered me. They knew I didn't approve of their action, and every time they talked of "getting some niggers" they would say "Oh, I'm sorry, I know you don't approve, " before continuing with the plan.

Well, nothing come of it. And later I talked with my friend; again he apologized. But after thinking about the situation, I said no, that's all right. After all, it's just like I said in the beginning, it's not your actions because you're not responsible for such things. What's important is what you think and believe, 'cause that's the only thing you have complete control of.

Name withheld by request.

[Yes, above all, THINK and believe. Ed.]

HIPpocrates

(copyright 1968)
Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D. M.P.H.

QUESTION: Could you please tell me how and where I can get a convenient contraceptive? Unfortunately, it is impossible for me to get any by prescription as I am 17, single and living with my parents. I hope that you understand "convenient" to mean something I would not have to use at an inopportune time. This can be mood breaking at best.

ANSWER: It's true that many private physicians are reluctant to prescribe birth control pills or other contraceptive devices for minor females without the consent of parents. But, fortunately, birth control advice and devices are available to females of ANY AGE at Planned Parenthood Centers. A list of PP Centers follows this column. If, for some reason you don't want to go to the Planned Parenthood Center in your community, you can go to another one. You'll be seen regardless of where you live. The fees are set on a sliding scale depending on income and number of dependents "but no one is ever turned away."

According to literature from Planned Parenthood of Alameda County Calif., women under the age of 18 are seen 1. If married or planning to be (they won't press you for the marriage date); 2. If ever pregnant or at risk of becoming pregnant (any girl who does not use birth control pills runs this risk); 3. If referred by a recognized social agency, doctor, or clergyman; 4. or with the permission of a parent or guardian."

During the first visit to Planned Parenthood, a nurse will conduct a class in methods of contraception. Males are welcome. Next comes a short intake session with an interviewer. Following the brief interview, a physician gives a breast and pelvic examination, including a cancer or Pap smear Contraceptive supplies are issued.

Most girls prefer contraceptive pills becuase they are 100% effective when used according to intructions. Some, however, prefer to use an intra uterine device (IUD, loop), diaphragm or vaginal foam. Even the rhythm method is taught for those who will choose to follow the Pope's recent opinion about birth control (not until 1870 did Popes decide that they were infallible).

Planned Parenthood is a voluntary agency which provides many services besides birth control information and devices.

PHOTO CREDITS
cover: Stewart Dean, & J.F. Deschamps
page 6: LNS
centerfold and page 10: Dave Walsh
page 13: Jim McElroy

When the men who own the Bangor Punta Alegre Sugar Company lost their Cuban sugar to the Cubans, it may have been a blessing to them in disguise. It was quite well disguised at the time, of course; most of the men who were into Bangor Punta were also into other corparations which were into Cuban sugar, and the Agrarian Reform laws really wiped them out.

But the silver lining of the expropriation cloud was that it opened the eyes of the men behind Bangor Punta to new investment opportunities With a little help from their friends in the U.S. government, who gave them generous tax advantages, Bangor Punta Alegre Sugar Company became Bangor Punta Alegre Holding Company; it dabbled in lots of things, as holding companies are supposed to--jewelery manufacturing in Puerto Rico, rail--roads in Maine.

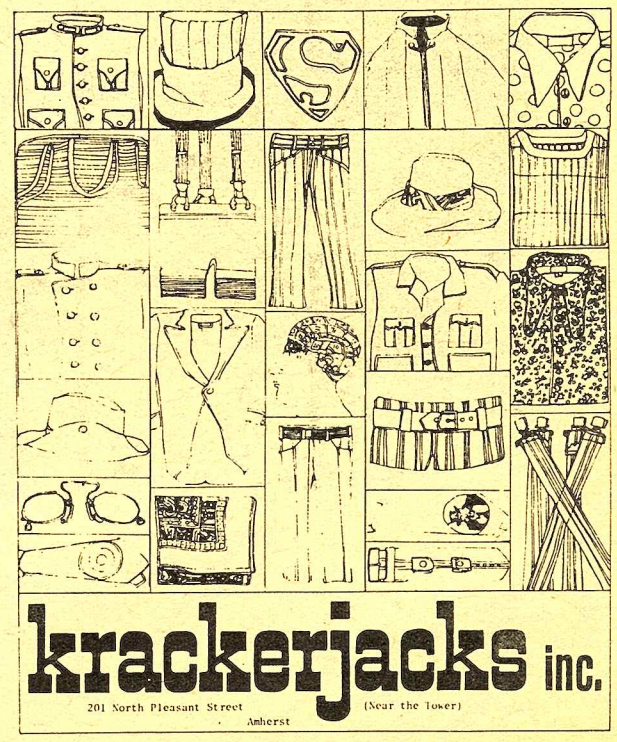
But the boys at Bangor Punta realized from their experience in Cuba that the trend is toward global revolution. And when there's a trend toward revolution, there's a trend for imperial powers to buy lots of guns and assorted intruments of oppression to use against the revolutionaries.

So the Bangor Punta Alegre Holding Company--Smith and Wesson. And after they bought the gun company, they formed a Law Enforcement Group of companies (all of which Bango Punta had bought) to put out a new line of products with high demand: MACE manufactured by General Ordance Equipment Corporation, CN tear gas made by Lake Erie Chemical Company,

SUGAR & GAS

and the gadgets of the cop business, sirens and such, produced by Dominator Company, whose name tells just where they'd like to be at.

And to market their stuff, Bangor Punta advertises in the Police Chief (journal of the International Association of Chiefs of Police), that they have agents in principal cities of the USA and in every country of the free world." Because that's where the revolution's coming, and the men behind Bangor Punta want to be there to make money till the revolution wipes money out. (LNS)



PARAMOUNT PICTURES PRESENTS A DINO DE LAURENTIIS PRODUCTION
What's a nice earth girl like you doing in a galaxy like this?
Doing my own thing naturally...
JANE FONDA
BARBARELLA
STARRING JOHN PHILLIP LAW · MARCEL MARCEAU
SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCE DAVID HEMMINGS
AND WITH UGO TOGNAZZI AS MARK HAND
Produced by DINO DE LAURENTIIS · Directed by ROGER VADIM
FROM THE BEST SELLER BARBARELLA BY JEAN CLAUDE FOREST · PUBLISHED BY Le Terrain Vague · SCREENPLAY BY TERRY SOUTHERN
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CHEAP THRILLS

reprinted from
The Fifth Estate

The problem with San Francisco groups is, I was expecting wonders and miricles and what I heard was a bunch of white blues bands that didn't sound as funky as my little band in high school.

Frank Zappa

Big Brother is a joke.

Mike Bloomfield

That's Jim Gurley. He's the BADDEST guitar player in the whole world.

Hippie

Have you ever seen Jim Gurley fall off stage?

Barry Kramer

Words like these, along with the Esquire reviewer's biting comments about Janis's left nipple and the smacking rumors about the group's drug preferences, have given Big Brother a reputation as one of the greatest groups in the country without anything of musical importance to back it up. Now we have "Cheap Thrills" (which should have been called "Sex, Dope, and other Cheap Thrills") as the group wanted, for reasons this article will try to explain.

This record, unlike the earlier album on Mainstream, has the group's approval, as well as the seal of approval of the San Francisco chapter of the Hell's Angels, but after the first listening I wasn't quite sure why. Janis sounded almost great, the group sounded barely adequate, and the recording quality attrocious. Gurley's guitar solo at the beginning of "Ball and Chain," (part of which, as well as part of "Combination of the 2," was recorded here at the Grande though *no credit* is given) sounds like it was recorded through a mike set in front of his amp.

Then I looked closely at the album cover, the R. Crumb drawings and Hell's Angel seal on the front, picture of Janis on the back, and the Filmore East inside, and listened again. The second time I think I understood.

Big Brother represents every thing the San Francisco rock is about. They would rather fuck than play, if they're too stoned, they play stoned, and they play like they feel like playing, *the physical acts of playing and listening being far more important than pseudo-intellectual discussions about whether or not it's "great" music,* (or even music as opposed to just noise), (Sex first, then Dope, and then Cheap Thrills).

Unlike the current crop of British Blues Bands they aren't trying to imitate Elmore James, Howlin Wolf, Muddy Waters, Sonny Boy Williamson, or any of the other blues men. Their performance transcends the purely musical.

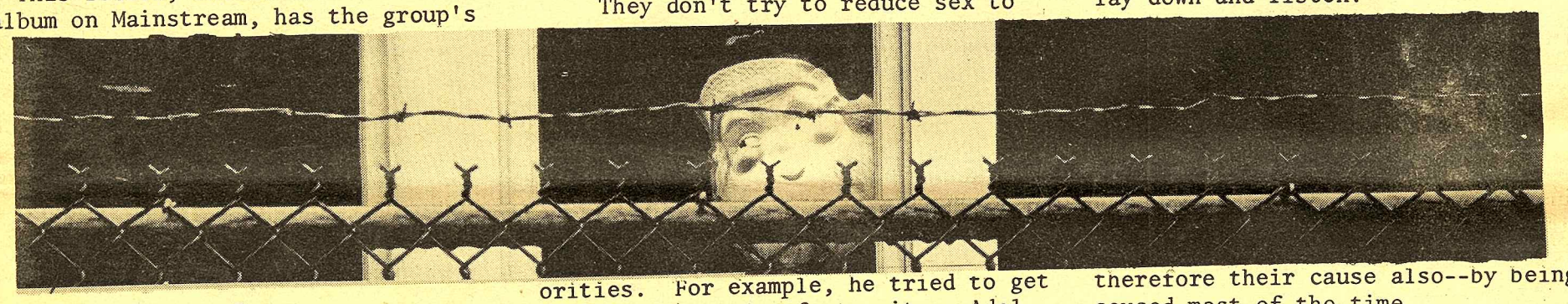
They don't try to reduce sex to the ridiculous with the inane theatrics ala Jim Morrison, Jimi Hendrix, or Arthur Brown. They play because they dig it, maybe not as much as getting balled but they dig it. It's probably the secret dream of every freak everywhere to just do things they dig doing and be rewarded for it. America, as only America, the land where dreams come true, could, is making that dream come true for Big Brother. Every hip kid over twelve worth his balls secretly or publicly lusts after Janis and I can't guess how many girls dream about "doing up" with Jim Gurley.

Maybe someday they'll become Janis Joplin and the Holding Co. (holding what?), or even just Janis Joplin(as some of the press have already decided they are) and move from San Francisco to Bel Air and all drive Rolls (or maybe Bentleys because of the reverse status thing) but I hope not.

For now at least they've put out an album that isn't really too good when judged by the standards that most rock critics seem to be applying but its failings constitute its greatest success.

A perfect imitation of Chicago blues is nothing more than a personal statement by a group who have become popular cult heroes of our generation which has as much relevance to the scene as anything Dylan said 3 or 4 years ago.

So find someone to ball, drink a fifth of Southern Comfort, do up, lay down and listen.



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OLDIES

score, but we did seem to be able to place people in two camps which are really causing each other a lot of trouble. I'd like to pass on to you what he said. I'm going to describe those in either camp and review some of the gossip establishing which camp the administrators are in.

The Old Guard

Their leader is the Treasurer of the University. His name's Johnson, and he's been around quite a number of years doing his thing. He's the man who gives the 5 college radio station, WFCR, trouble for programming radicals, and gives students trouble by being in control of the Police Department. For example, it is his office which is responsible for the policy of towing cars. He's also going to take the dormitories away from the Office of Student Personnel, and clean them up, eliminating the drinking, dope smoking, and premarital sex.

Another big man on campus is Warren McGurk who's head of the Athletic Council. He's sort of fiscally independent of everyone because he's got his own money to spend in order to construct his empire of muscle and toughness. He gets his money every time you drop a dime into a vending machine, All profits from them go to him except for $50,000 which is used for cultural things rather than athletics.

President Lederle, my friend put in the Old Guard because of his priorities. For example, he tried to get the campus service fraternity, Adelphia, to sponser an anti-litter campaign. Two years ago, in his Fall convocation speech, he stressed the fact that students were walking on the grass and killing it. Because of his personal intervention, we now have a geranium bed in front of Bartlett Hall, and other things of that kind because of his dynamism.

I have to add though, he is against using the University as a dumping place for cronies of politicians and does a good job preventing that practice. Of course, he can't be every place at once and so last year, the son of the best friend of the Governor was appointed an assistant to the Dean of the Graduate School. The boy was going for an Ed.Din Educational Administration but didn't do too well no matter how hard they tried to help him. Foresi is gone having flunked his comprehensives so badly they wouldn't let him take his comps a second time. . . .

I'd probably belabor the issue if I went on in this way, so I'd like just to add some statistics which reclarify the administrator's bind. Since we all know anyone can interpret statistics any way he wants, I'm just going to throw them out and leave it to you to use them any way you want.

(1) Massachusetts ranks 47th in state aid to public higher education, which means $11 a student versus the national average of $26.

(2) The two men in the state legislature who helped UMass along were Speaker of the House Thompson, and Former governor Furcolo, both of whom were very much discredited--and therefore their cause also--by being soused most of the time.

(3) Unlike most state universities, the number of out-of-state students at UMass is a tiny 4%. At UMichigan the percentage is 10%, and they are an intellectual cream. You have to have a catalyst if you're going to brew.

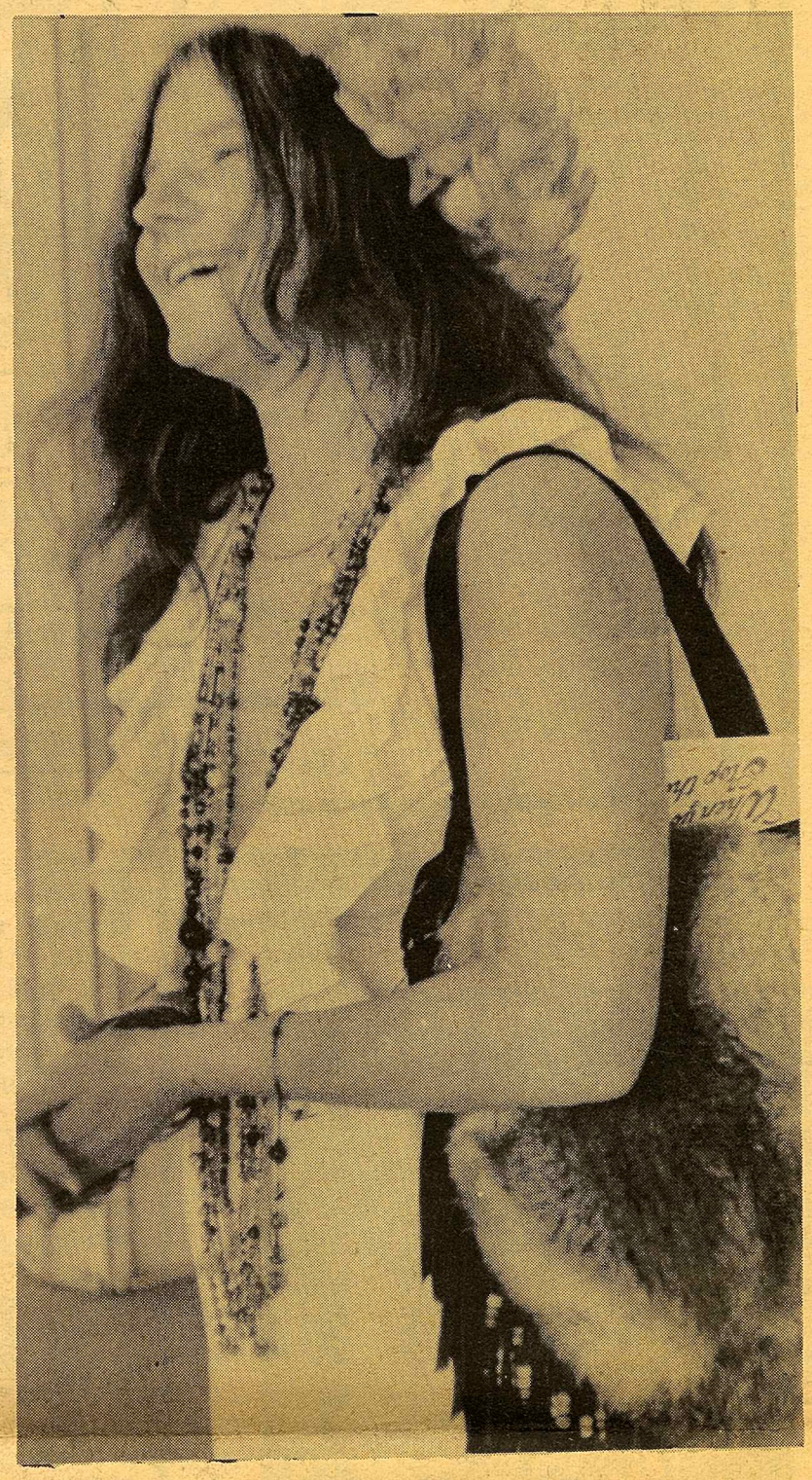
(4) According to a study by an educational psychologist at UMass by the name of Shumer, the only behavior traits which are reinforced by UMass educational experience are consumptive factors--at UMass students learn to booze it up.

Given these problems an administrator really must expend 99% of his energy keeping things the way they are: for any change could lead to chaos.

The faculty's and students' situations can be justified in similar ways. I don't want to hold you too long, this being the football season and all that, so I'm going to leave you with my description of the administrator hoping that I've supplied a model by whcih you can go out and make up your own justifications for people's behavior. That things are complex is an understatement; that should be obvious. And that change should be uppermost in some people's minds is simply a position which is an oversimplification. Things are the way they are because of human nature. And they need to prevent erosion of the few things we've been able to build without mud is something which no critic should evade. It was to demonstrate that fact that I wrote this article.

--Bart Kaplan

THE PALAMINO AND THE FOLIAGE



Once upon a time there out west somewhere in the middle of a sorta-like forest lived this horse who really liked living out west somewhere in the middle of a sorta-like forest...This horse used to work 16 hours a day for the Peace Corps and never had gotten any rest so he figured he needed a vacation. The horse by the way was green orange and gray. So one day he decided to have a game of monopoly with a coyote who lived on the other side of the mountain and who had just gotten back from Montgomery Alabama with a George Wallace water bottle to soothe his obnoxious stomach after eating army surplus food for two weeks straight.

The palomino started out from the sorta-like forest when he looked up all of a split-second sudden and saw a cowboy sitting on top of a branch riding the foliage. The palomino did an Ed Sullivan imitation and after the East's all-star football team went off-stage the horse asked the cowboy what he was doing. "I'm riding this here foliage,"said the cowboy. Abashed, the palomino stepped back and said "Why ain't you riding me? I'm a horse and I guess a cowboy ought to ride a horse. Are you queer or something?" The cowboy thought a moment (after reading his double-bubble fortune) and said, "Listen you're the first horse I seen in a long time. I just hadda ride something. Anyway you're not a real horse. Horses don't talk an' all. I'll bet there's a guy in there like they use with Lassie."

All of a sudden a vicious wind came by knocking the cowboy onto the ground with all the foliage flying about. When the palomino saw the foliage in the air falling onto his back he ran like the wind to keep it on his back and not falling onto the highway because Lady-Bird Johnson would be pissed at him. The palomino ran off to the nearest general store to paste some flypaper all over his back so the foliage would not fall off his back and dirty up the highway since Lady-Bird Johnson was looking at him from her cloud in the sky armed with ten pounds of horse radish and three neopolitan candies. Well...the palomino raced back down the highway with the foliage stuck on his back while he was doing a colgate commercial. He stopped by a stream where he saw the same cowboy he saw before sitting in the middle of this stream looking at goldfish through a magnifying glass. The cowboy looked up as if he had seen Miss America in a 4H club and stared at the palomino. "I know who you are in there!" he cried juilantly. "You're Boris Karloff!" Suddenly a hand poked out from underneath the neck of the palomino with a sign in it. The sign read: Yah--The Mummy (1933)!

--Larry Trillo

Continued from p. 4

SUNNY

It was this awakening that motivated me to write this article in the hope that you might be able to become involved in electing the candidate best suited to be our President: Richard Milhaus Nixon.

I seriously compared the qualifications of the three major candidates and am now sure that Mr. Nixon is far better qualified than either Humphrey or Wallace. In fact, it might be observed that he is one of the best qualified presidential candidates of the twentieth century. Not because he offers viable solutions for our country's ills; for this he most certainly does not do. For that matter, neither do Wallace or Humphrey. Dick Nixon is best qualified, not because of the content of his programs and candidacy, but because of the presidential form which he has revealed to us during the past year.

He is a perfect symbol of the American Way of Life. What an image he has created for himself. In Miami he addresses a crowd of twenty thousand, brings them to their feet when he shouts,"We're going to sock it to 'em this year." He out putts Jackie Gleason on a golf course in California. And in Cleveland he kisses babies. Aggressive, a champion, a father--just what every American Male wants to be. And when he steps out of a plane at Kennedy airport, waving his arms erect above his head, all America can see that he is strong, confident, virile. Dick could shout 'em down in Paris, talk the Soviets out of Czecheslovakia, put a stop to the radicals--black and white--who threaten to destroy our tranquil, ordered way of living. The police chief of America. An American to impress the world.

Nixon is American. Every Mother's image of her son: cool, but not too intellectual, confident but not arrogant, hard working and clean, out going, but in control of himself at all times. He has worked his way up from a humble beginning, as he has so eloquently stated several times, by dealing firmly with subversives and communist conspirators and by skillfully manipulating all those who might have opposed him. A rational, calculating, business-like individual who has made it big without ever seeming to have been on the make. (Both he and James Dean made it big in the fifties and, it is rumored, Nixon was given Dean's motorcycle after the star died).

It hasn't been easy for Richard Nixon to become the all-American candidate that he is today. Remember how dirty and unshaven he was during the debates with John Kennedy (ed. note: Kennedy was the winner of the American Image Award during the early years of the decade). At the time Nixon lacked the organization and the finesse which he now has. We wanted a glamourous President in 1960. One who stood cool and objective even in the most critical moments, could humor anyone who seemed to threaten American tranquility and impress the world that America was young and cool and rich and strong and controlled. In 1968, however, the need is for a MAN to lead us. Dick has always been such a MAN. A man of the people with soiled hands and clean fingernails. A leader of the people: aware, yet uninvolved, approachable, yet authoratative, powerful, yet controlled. A loving man, a gentle yet not effeminate man, who knows how to punish the children and protect the home from all those who are conspiring against us.

Wallace and Humphrey just don't make it. Wallace is frightening, too angry, too uncompromising, out of control. He is insanely powerful, pisses on the lawn, doesn't use prophylactics and that sort of thing. And God knows that blatant insanity is not an American thing. In a repressed society, George Wallace fails to repress all that repression has done to him. Humphrey, on the other hand, is much too weak. A follower, imperfect, threatened by a conspiracy from the left: not an authority on his own right, but one who has had to learn about being a leader by following a leader, Lyndon Johnson.

It is all very simple, as far as I am concerned. Some folks say that the presidency has become an irrelevant outdated role. But can any role be obsolete as long as there are enough people around who want to play it? The three major candidates really want to be President and, if that is what they want, let's help them out by playing with them. Vote! Vote for the man who seems to have what it takes. And that man is Richard Nixon because he is America.

--Bob Spenser

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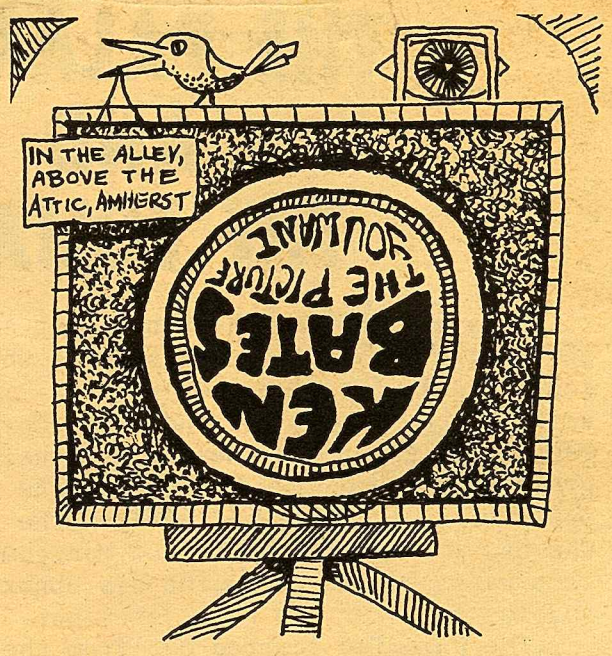

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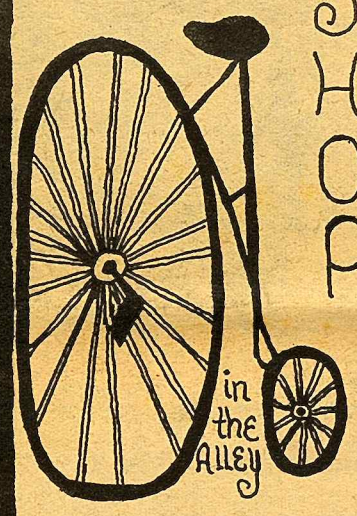

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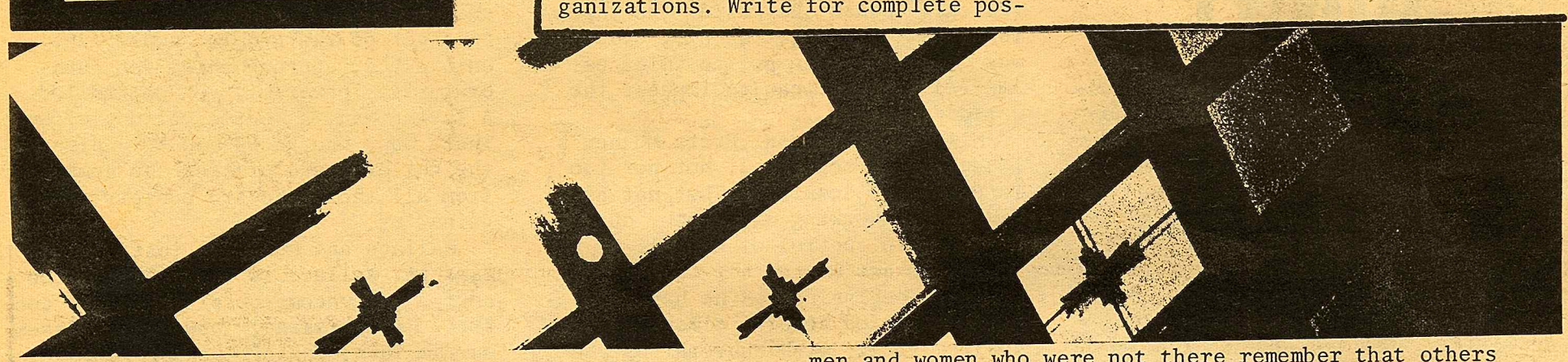

MARK LANE--continued from p.6

took off his delegate's badge, his cloak of immunity, and went to jail with Greg.

Representative democracy ended in America on a November Day in Dallas. An effort to restore it died in Chicago almost five years later when fascism, in its most obvious form, came to America.

We had to wait almost five years for the storm troopers to take to the streets simply because they were not required earlier. Had McCarthy been nominated the American people would have had it within their power to dismantle the war machine. Not for nothing was John Kennedy killed, and not without a fight, no matter how much it revealed about the nature of the beast, could a path back to sanity be permitted to the American people.

Very likely the debacle of Chicago cost the Democrats the chance of winning the election. But the awful power that controls this country and the Democratic convention would rather lose with Humphrey than win with McCarthy. For McCarthy's victory would be their defeat while Nixon's victory is theirs as well.

Let all Americans ponder that which took place in Chicago. Let mothers and fathers who long ago lost contact with their children know that their children, far braver than they, were gassed and clubbed for believing that there is an American constitution which refers to the right to assemble and the right to speak. Let the young men and women who were not there remember that others their age were. What were you doing in Chicago, they might ask. Let "Thoreau's children" answer, "What are you doing out there?"

What can you do. You have perhaps one chance. Perhaps not even that. In the hope that you have, speak up now. Of course, liberals will warn us that we may, inadvertantly, be responsible for Nixon's election.

I cannot be frightened by the spectre of Nixon for we have been forced to live with the reality of Johnson and Humphrey too long. No doubt, discerning liberals could detect a distinction between the candidates if Hermann Wilhelm Goering were to run against Paul Goebbels. No two men are exactly alike, and from that truism we may take some solace as we consider the last years under Johnson. Yet their policies may be insufficiently dissimilar to cause decent men to be repulsed. Humphrey stands for war abroad, and at home, brutality in confronting the young people of this country when they wish to be heard. I do not know what it is Nixon stands for but it appears to be neither better nor could it be worse.

If there is any salvation for this nation it is through the direct involvement of those who have been excluded from the controlled parties. Ambitious young men, Lowenstein as one example, will continue to seek their fortune through the regular channels, and fortune and fame may yet be found there for the diligent. The hope of the nation, however, lies elsewhere.

TURN ON, TUNE IN, DROP O
Timothy Leary, Ph.D.

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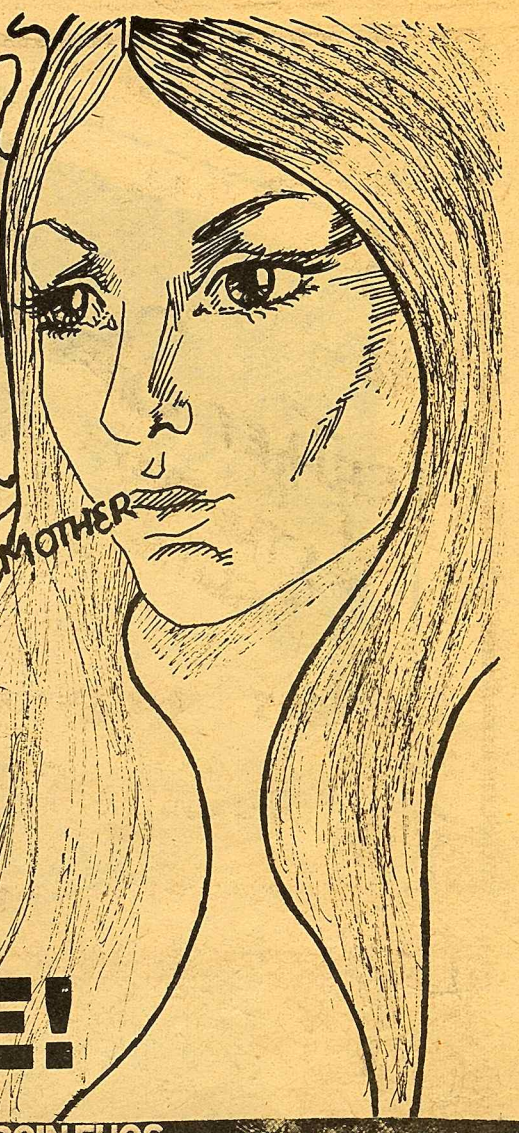

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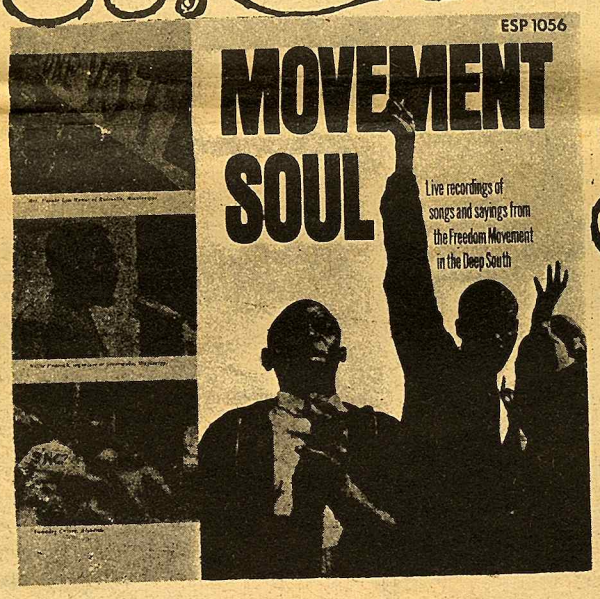

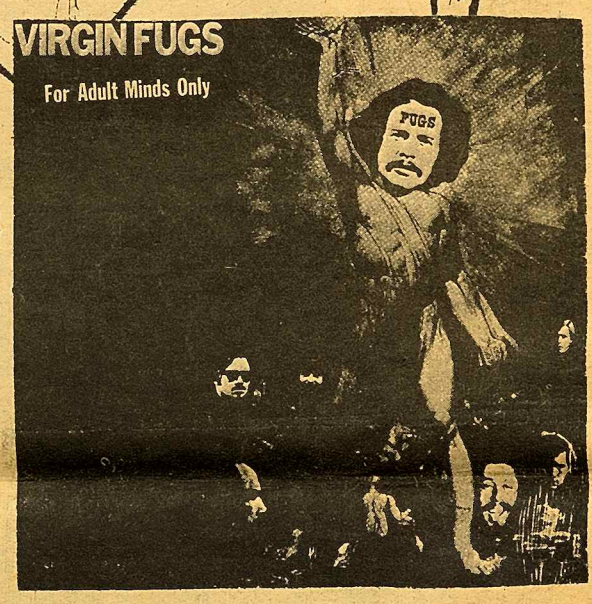

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